



BLACK RIDER

JAN.
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20

10¢

THE WILD WEST LIVES AGAIN!

BLACK RIDER



**"NOTHING
CAN STOP
THE
BLACK
RIDER!"**

**JUNIOR SPACE PILOTS
ON THE BEAM!**

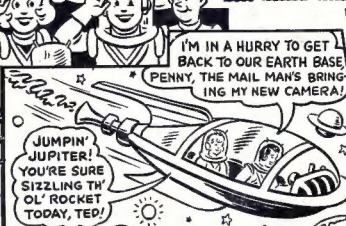
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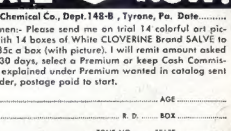
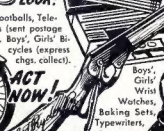
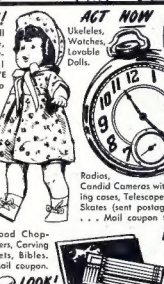
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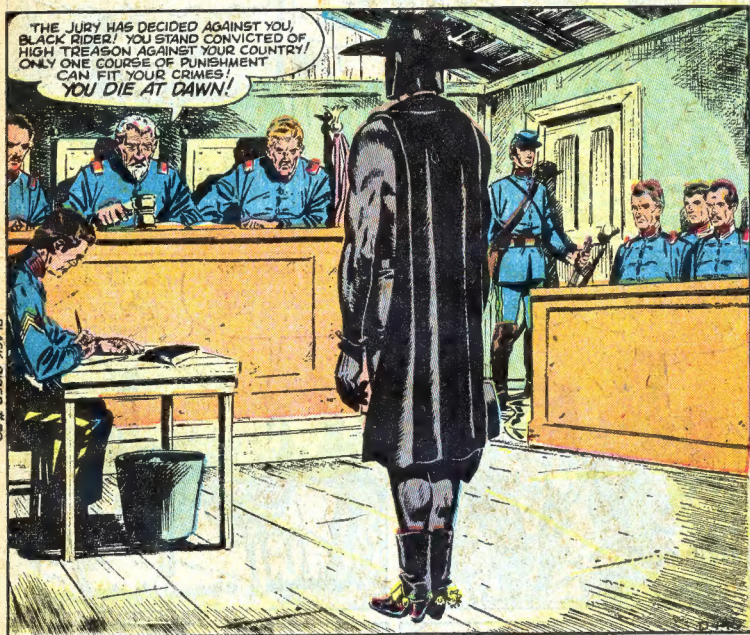


OUR 58th YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE! MAIL →

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BLACK RIDER

MYSTERY MAN OF THE WESTERN RANGE!



THE JURY HAS DECIDED AGAINST YOU, BLACK RIDER! YOU STAND CONVICTED OF HIGH TREASON AGAINST YOUR COUNTRY! ONLY ONE COURSE OF PUNISHMENT CAN FIT YOUR CRIMES!
YOU DIE AT DAWN!

THE WORDS FELL LIKE THE KNIFE OF A GUILLOTINE, BUT THE BLACK RIDER STOOD ERECT, HIS EYES CLEAR, HIS CONSCIENCE FREE...



YOUR ONLY HOPE FOR CLEMENCY FROM THIS COURT LIES IN A COMPLETE CONFESSION OF YOUR CRIMES AND YOUR ACCOMPLICES!

I HAVE NO CONFESSION TO MAKE... I HAVE NO ACCOMPLICES TO NAME! I AM INNOCENT!



VERY WELL! REMOVE THE PRISONER, GUARDS!

GIT IN
THAR, YUH
BLACK-
HEARTED
TRAITOR!

YUH GOT TILL DAWN
TO PRAY FER THE
LIVES OF THE THIRTY-
SIX SOLDIERS
YOU BETRAYED!



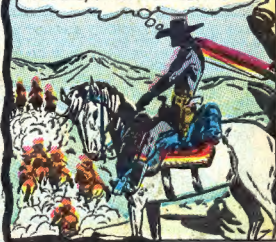
THE DOOMED MAN WAS ALONE
WITH HIS THOUGHTS, HIS MIND
SPINNING UNDER THE WEB OF
AWFUL EVIDENCE WHICH HAD
ENMESHED HIM...

I'VE GOT TO FIGURE THINGS
OUT! I'VE GOT TO UNTANGLE
THIS MESS! I DON'T MIND
DYING, BUT *NOT* AS A
TRAITOR! WHO DID THIS TO
ME? HOW WAS IT DONE?



AND HIS THOUGHTS WENT BACK TO A HOT
DAY IN JULY NEAR THE TEXAS-NEW
MEXICO BORDER...

THOSE TEXAS RANGERS ARE
ADMINISTERING A REMEDY, BUT NOT A
CURE! NOW NEW MEXICO WILL BE
SCOURGED BY THAT CRIMINAL
RABBLE, INSTEAD OF TEXAS!



WAL, THAT'S THE
LAST OF BUSH KELLEEM
AND HIS KILLERS! WE
GOT RID OF IKE
BENDER AND PANCHO
SANCHEZ THE
SAME WAY!

GOOD RIDDANCE! THEY
KNOW THEY'LL GIT THAR
NECKS STRETCHED EFF'N
THEY EVER SHOW UP
IN TEXAS AGAIN!



HOWDY, BLACK RIDER!
WE JUST WASHED OUR
HANDS OF THE WORST
SCUM EVER TO PLAGUE
THE LONE STAR STATE!

YOU DIDN'T WASH
YOUR HANDS OF 'EM,
BOYS! YOU JUST
PASSED THE PROBLEM
OFF ONTO
NEIGHBORING
STATE!



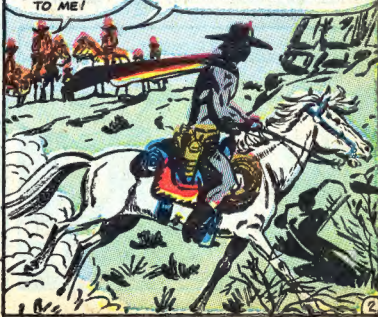
THAT'S ONE WAY OF FINGERIN'
IT, BUT WE COULDN'T KILL 'EM
ALL! WE DIDN'T ASK
'EM TO RIDE INTO
NEW MEXICO... THEY
JUST HEADED THAT
WAY!

I'M NOT
CRITICIZIN'...
JUST STATIN'
A FACT! SOMEDAY
THE STATES WILL WORK
TOGETHER, INSTEAD
OF WORKING ALONE!
WHAT HURTS NEW
MEXICO HURTS TEXAS,
TOO... AND VICE
VERSA!



WHAT HE SAID
MADE PLENTY OF
HOSS SENSE
TO ME!

NOT TO ME, IT DIDN'T! TEXAS
WAS RID OF THEM VARMINTS, AND
THAT'S ALL I'M INTERESTED IN!



THE PROPHETIC WORDS OF THE BLACK RIDER CAME TRUE! ATTRACTED TO EACH OTHER BY MUTUAL BONDS IN CRIME AND VIOLENCE, THE SCATTERED GANG LEADERS MET TO COMBINE FORCES...



AND THAT NIGHT A DOZEN SPEAR-HEADS OF BLOODTHIRSTY BANDS LAID WASTE TO A DOZEN NEW MEXICO COMMUNITIES...



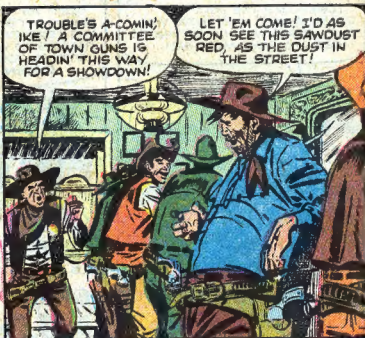
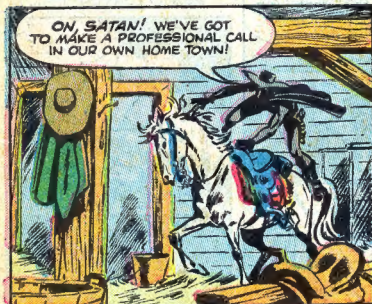
FOR A WEEK THE BANDS WROUGHT CHAOS AND DESTRUCTION ACROSS SEVERAL STATES IN THE SOUTHWEST! FEW EYES WERE SHUT IN SLUMBER. FEW THOUGHTS WERE UNTRUBLED...





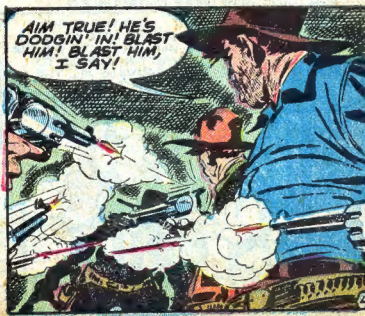
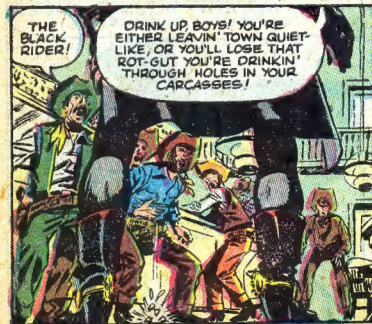
IN THE SECLUSION OF HIS BARN, DOC MASTERS SHED THE ROBES OF HIS CALLING AND DONNED THE BLACK SILK GARB OF THE WEST'S MIGHTIEST GUN FIGHTER... **THE BLACK RIDER!**

MEANWHILE, IN THE GOLDEN GALLEON SALOON...



IF A COMMITTEE WAS REALLY ENTERING THE SALOON, IT HAD CONCENTRATED ITSELF INTO THE SHAPE OF ONE TOWERING BLACK FIGURE...

A DOZEN HANDS CLAWED WILDLY FOR HOLSTERS...A DOZEN GUNS SPAT FLAMES WHICH DANCED AROUND THE BLACK FIGURE WEAVING TOWARD THEM LIKE A GHOST...



WITH LEADEN DEATH SCREECHING ALL ABOUT HIM, THE BLACK RIDER CHOSE HIS DISTANCE AND THEN DREW THE GREAT .45'S! LIKE A HURRICANE SWEEPING A FIELD OF WHEAT, THEY FELL IN SHEAVES!



HE LEFT AS HE CAME, BUT THE EYES THAT WATCHED HIM WERE FILLED WITH TEARS OF JOY AND GRATITUDE...



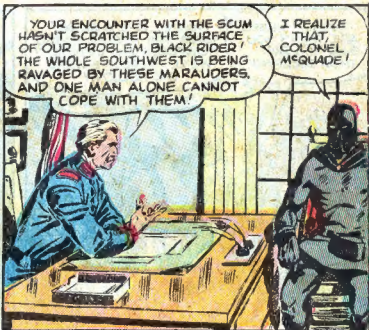
BLESS HIM! BLESS HIM!

LIKE DAN'L IN THE LION'S DEN! HE SWEEP 'EM CLEAN!

EACH MIGHTY WEAPON SEEMED TO ACT INDEPENDENTLY OF THE OTHER, SEEKING OUT A TARGET, AIMING AND DESTROYING IT!



BUT LATER THAT WEEK, IN THE OFFICE OF THE TERRITORIAL GOVERNOR...



YOUR ENCOUNTER WITH THE SCUM HASN'T SCRATCHED THE SURFACE OF OUR PROBLEM, BLACK RIDER! THE WHOLE SOUTHWEST IS BEING RAVAGED BY THESE MARAUDERS, AND ONE MAN ALONE CANNOT COPE WITH THEM!

I REALIZE THAT, COLONEL McQUADE!



THE ENTIRE GARRISON AT FORT MEAD HAS BEEN PUT AT OUR SERVICE! I AM PERSONALLY REQUESTING YOU TO HELP PLAN STRATEGY TO DESTROY THIS MENACE!

I'LL BE GLAD TO PUT MYSELF AT YOUR DISPOSAL, SIR!



EXCELLENT! YOU WILL WORK WITH FORT MEAD'S OFFICIAL SCOUT, ENOCH SPENCER! GO TO HIS HOME AT ONCE AND WORK OUT A PLAN OF ACTION! THE TERRITORY MUST BE RID OF THESE BLACKGUARDS!

I'LL LEAVE AT ONCE, COLONEL!

BUT THE BLACK RIDER'S HOPES DIMMED WHEN HE MET THE ARMY SCOUT ENOCH SPENCER...



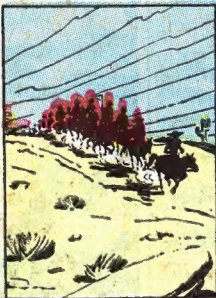
WELL, THASH VERY NICE... VERY NICE! GO AHEAD AN' PLAN THE STRATEGY, MISTER GENIUS! WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH WITH THE PLANS, JUST LEMME SEE 'EM!

GOOD ENOUGH! I KNOW WHERE THE GANG HIDES OUT, SO WE CAN BE READY FOR A RAID BY MORNING!

AT DAWN, THE FOLLOWING MORNING...



AND TEN MINUTES LATER, A GALLANT BAND OF TROOPS FOLLOWED THE BLACK RIDER INTO THE MISTY DAWN OF AN ILL-FATED DAY...



TWO HOURS LATER...



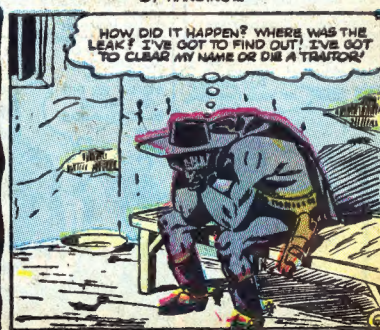
THE TROOPS CHARGED INTO THE HOLLOW, BUT IT WAS DEVOID OF LIFE! A GRIM ATMOSPHERE OF PORTENDING DOOM OVERHUNG THE PLACE!

BUT EVEN AS HE FINISHED SPEAKING, DEATH RANG OUT IN THE HOLLOW AS HIDDEN GUNS TOOK THEIR TOLL OF THE AMBUSHED TROOPS!



HE BATTLED HIS WAY TO THE RIDGE OF THE HOLLOW, HIS GUNS RAKING A PATH AHEAD OF HIM!

THEN HE RECALLED HIS ARREST ON A CHARGE OF TREASON NOW, ONLY A FEW HOURS SEPARATED HIM FROM DEATH BY HANGING...





PSST... I'M AT THE WINDOW! HURRY!



GOTTA ACT FAST! I GOT YOUR GUNS WHEN THE GUARD LET ME LOOK IN THE ARSENAL! BUSH KELLEMAN' HIS MEN ARE ABOUT TO BLOW THE FORT, BUT NOBODY WOULD BELIEVE ME!

BOBBY LATHROP! AND YOU BROUGHT MY HORSE! GOOD BOY, BOBBY! QUICK, MOVE BACK WHILE SATAN DRAGS OUT THESE BARS!



CRASH!

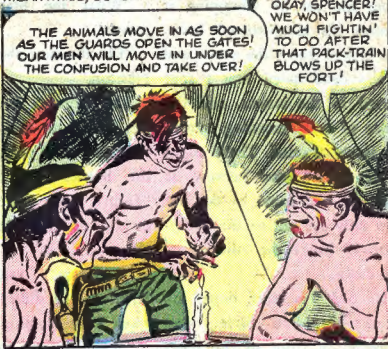
SECONDS LATER...



THEY'RE ALL CAMPED OUTSIDE THE FORT DISGUISED AS INDIANS! EVERY PACK MULE AND HOSS IS LOADED WITH POWDER! THEY'RE AWIN' TO SEND THE ANIMALS IN WITH LIT FUSES!

AND THE GUARDS THINK THEY'RE INJUNS HERE TO TRADE! KEEP AN EYE ON SATAN, BOBBY! I'LL TRY TO STOP 'EM!

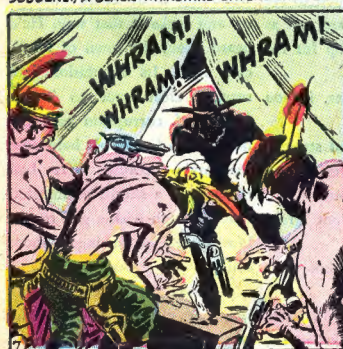
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE FORT...



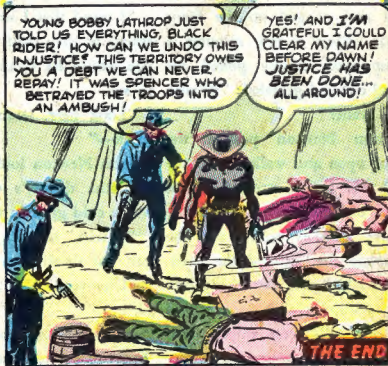
THE ANIMALS MOVE IN AS SOON AS THE GUARDS OPEN THE GATES! OUR MEN WILL MOVE IN UNDER THE CONFUSION AND TAKE OVER!

OKAY, SPENCER! WE WON'T HAVE MUCH FIGHTIN' TO DO AFTER THAT PACK-TRAIN BLOWS UP THE FORT!

SUDDENLY, A BLACK WHIRLWIND ENTERS THE TENT...



WHRAM! WHRAM!



YOUNG BOBBY LATHROP JUST TOLD US EVERYTHING, BLACK RIDER! HOW CAN WE UNDO THIS INJUSTICE? THIS TERRITORY OWES YOU A DEBT WE CAN NEVER REPAY! IT WAS SPENCER WHO BETRAYED THE TROOPS INTO AN AMBUSH!

YES! AND I'M GRATEFUL I COULD CLEAR MY NAME BEFORE DAWN! JUSTICE HAS BEEN DONE... ALL AROUND!

THE END



FOR THE BEST IN WESTERN THRILLS LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER!



NEW SHERIFF IN TOWN

JOHN NEWTON rode into the quiet town of Medicine Bow as the sun began to raise its orange-redness up above the hills of Wyoming. As he reached the main street of the town he stopped to slap the trail dust from his hat by whopping it against his alkali-coated Levis. He looked down the street and it was dead quiet. Not a soul stirred in the streets, and the peace of early morning calmed his troubled mind. There might be bloodshed later because of what he had come to do, but now only the call of the Whip-poorwill broke the stillness of the dawn.

He rode his black down the center of Main Street, dismounted in front of the town jail and banged on the front door. After a few minutes a sleepy-eyed deputy poked his head out and growled: "Whatta yuh want?"

John Newton pushed the door open and walked into the jail. He looked around at the filth of the place, noticed the empty whiskey bottles and the garbage that littered the floor. He walked past the deputy into the jailhouse and noticed that all the cells were empty. Two of them were swung open.

"Who the blazes you think

you are coming around this hour of the morning, waking up the law?" snarled the deputy who was beginning to become fully awake.

"I'm the new law in this town."

"What the blazes do you mean?"

"I'm the new sheriff. Name's Newton."

The deputy's jaw sagged a bit. "Oh," he said. He walked over and tried to kick some of the bottles into a corner. "Didn't know you was coming or I'd of tried to clean the place up a bit."

"I know," said Newton, "that's why I didn't tell anyone when I was coming."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I wanted to see things as they really are, not as you would fix them up for me to see."

"Look here, stranger, if you think—"

John Newton looked straight into the deputy's eyes. There was a cold glint in them.

"Sheriff," he said, "not 'stranger' but sheriff."

"Uh—yeah. I—I meant sheriff."

"That's better," said Newton.

"Now tell me. Who killed the last sheriff? Sheriff James."

"I dunno," said the deputy, "but you'd better not be thinking of opening up the investigation again."

"Why not?"

"'Cause Cal Reedy runs this town, and he don't want it reopened."

Newton was quiet a moment, and then his voice came, hard and sure: "Get this pigsty cleaned up. I'm bringing Reedy in on suspicion." Then he turned and walked out the door.

There were a few people in the street now. Business men, opening up their stores; hostlers on their way to the stables; saloon-keepers, sweeping down the porches in front of their buildings. This had the makings of a good town. John Newton wondered if he could clean it up and make it that way. He'd heard about the town of Medicine Bow. Its reputation had reached clear over to Texas. Stories of corruption and the hold which Cal Reedy held over the town because there had never been a sheriff or marshal quick enough with a gun to put him where he belonged—boot hill!

He knew that once Cal Reedy was put out of the way the rest of the gang would dissolve. That was the way it was with

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT STORY—

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BLACK RIDER

MYSTERY MAN OF THE WESTERN RANGE!



IT WAS HOT IN THE TINY VILLAGE OF SANTO DEL ORO, BUT VERY SOON A VOLLEY OF SHOTS WOULD RING OUT AND THE HEAT WOULD MAKE NO DIFFERENCE TO THE CONDEMNED MAN! TIME WAS RUNNING OUT FOR THE **BLACK RIDER!**

THE LEADER OF THE FIRING SQUAD RAISED HIS SWORD AND HIS WORDS SPAT OUT INTO THE STILL, TORRID AIR...



LISTO!
UNO!
DOS!...

A SHOT RANG OUT, THEN ANOTHER AND ANOTHER... BUT DEATH CAME SPITTING FROM ALIEN GUNS!

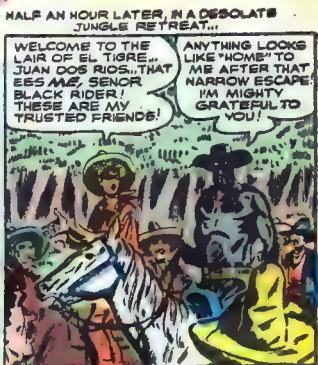


CRAAK!

BWHAM!

INSTINCT KEPT THE DOOMED MAN FROM MOVING! HE
SENSED THAT THE SHOTS WERE BEING FIRED IN HIS
BEHALF...

A SLASH HERE AND THERE WITH A RAZOR-
SHARP STILETTO, AND THE DOOMED MAN
WAS FREE!

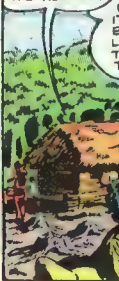


YOU SAY HE RETURNED TO THE TEMPLE? HOW LONG WAS THE TEMPLE VACANT?

AH, SENOR! THAT EES THE MYSTERY! FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS IT WAS EMPTY OF GODS... AND THEN THIS ONE APPEARED! THOSE WHO REBELLED MET SUDDEN DEATH!



THAT GANG OF CUTTHROATS WHO BUSHWHACKED ME... WHEN DID THEY TAKE OVER THE VILLAGE?



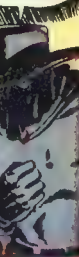
THAT EES, HOW YOU SAY, A COINCIDENCE! WHEN THE GOD RETURNED, THERE CAME WEETH HEEM A DEES NAMED CABALLO! IT EES ME WHO ENFORCES THE LAWS MADE BY THE GOD OF THE TEMPLE!



WE SAW YOU COME TO THE VILLAGE! WE SAW THEM OVERPOWER YOU, AND WE KNEW YOU WOULD HELP US! THAT EES WHY WE HELPED YOU!



A FAIR BARGAIN! I'M READY TO HELP RIGHT NOW, AND I'VE GOT A FEW IDEAS THAT MIGHT WORK!



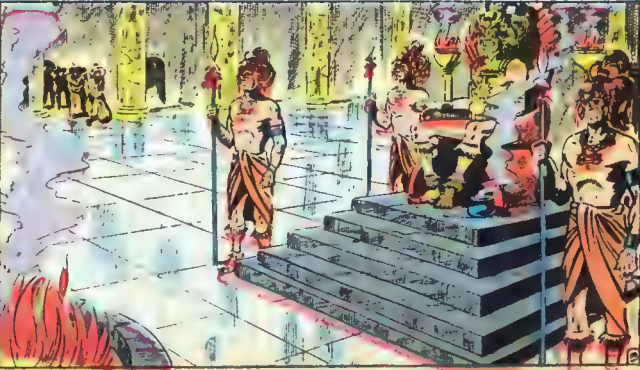
AS DUSK FELL THAT EVENING, A RAGGED GROUP OF SUPERSTITIOUS PEONS FILED SLOWLY THROUGH THE JUNGLE, THEIR BACKS BURDENED WITH OFFERINGS TO THE TEMPLE GOD...



BEFORE THE DECAYED, ROTTING STONE OF THE ANCIENT TEMPLE, THE PROCESSION STOPPED TO OFFER PRAYER...



THEN THEY ENTERED THE VAULTED CHAMBERS, PASSED THROUGH CORRIDORS EATEN BY TIME, AND CAME TO THE GREAT SACRIFICIAL ROOM...



THE PEONS KNELT PROSTRATE BEFORE THE TEMPLE GOD, THEIR OFFERINGS OUTSPREAD BEFORE HIM FOR APPROVAL...



SUDDENLY, A QUASTLY ACT OF SACRILEGE WAS COMMITTED BY THE TALLEST OF THE PEONS...



DOWN WITH THE FALSE GOD! DOWN WITH TYRANNY!

KILL THE DOGS! CUT THEM DOWN!



VIVA LIBERTAD! LET THE PEEGS TASTE THE BLOOD THEY HAVE SUCKED FROM OUR PEOPLE!



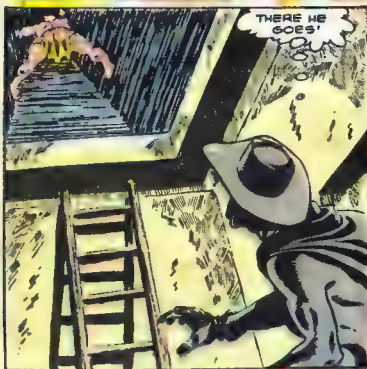
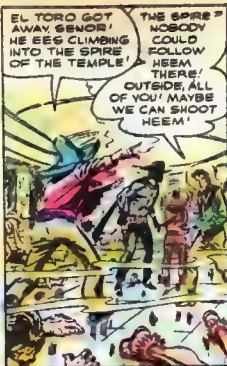
BETTER GET THEM ALL BEFORE THEY ESCAPE!



NOT ONE WEE! LEAVE ALIVE! WE HAVE SUFFERED LONG ENOUGH UNDER THEIR HEELS!

BEHIND YOU, COMPANERO! ACT QUEECK!



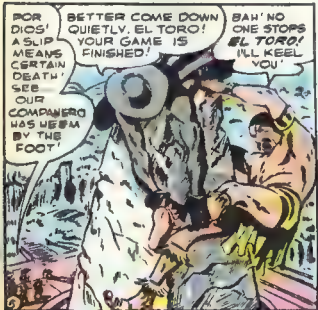


WITH THE ABILITY OF A CHARGING PANTHER, THE BLACK RIDER SCRAMBLED UP THE HOLLOW SPIRE, USING EVERY LEDGE AND CREVICE FOR A FOOTHOLD...



OUTSIDE THE TEMPLE THE OTHERS WAITED AND WATCHED! AT LAST THEY SAW EL TORO EMERGE ON THE SUMMIT, BUT HE WAS NOT ALONE!

THEY HEARD AN AGONIZED SCREAM AND SHUT THEIR EYES FROM THE SIGHT! A BODY THUDDED TO THE GROUND AND THEY KNEW THE BLACK RIDER HAD WON THE STRUGGLE UP THERE, HIGH ABOVE THEIR HEADS!



FOR THE BEST IN WESTERN THRILLS LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER!





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...CONTINUED

men like that. Take away their leader, the source of the trouble, and they could never stand up against a strong law. He had to start in right, and he had to do it now. Get Cal Reedy before the man knew what the morning sun looked like.

He stopped a man on the street and asked: "Where does Cal Reedy live?"

The man was shocked by the question. "Why?" he asked.

"I'm the new sheriff. I want to talk to him."

The man scratched his stubble-beard and sighed. "Oh, another one of those sheriffs." He pointed in the direction of a large white house on the edge of the street. "That's where you'll find your boss." Then he turned and walked off.

Newton smiled. The man had guts, talking like that when he thought that the sheriff was in the employ of the town lord. Newton thought that this would be a nice place to stay if he could get the whole rotten corruption cleaned up. He checked his gun, and then started walking in the direction of the big white house.

As he walked in the front gate he noticed a gunman seated on guard on the porch. He'd fallen asleep in the chair that was tilted against the wall. His hat was over his face. Newton started up the steps.

"Where do you think you're goin', stranger?"

"To see Cal Reedy."

"What kind of business you

got with the boss at this hour of the morning?"

"Law-business. I'm the new sheriff, and I've come to take him in."

The man's chair toppled forward and he leapt to his feet, but the surprise of the statement had slowed his draw, and when he reached for his gun he found himself staring into the muzzle of Newton's .45.

"You're crazy, stranger," he whispered through a tight jaw.



"You're plumb crazy."

"Maybe I am, or maybe I'm just not afraid of your boss," Newton said. He took the guard's gun. The man stepped forward to put up a fight, and Newton let him have it with the butt of his own gun over his head. The man went down in a heap.

The front door was closed so Newton climbed in silently through the window. He walked up the carpeted floor to the place where he was sure he would find Reedy still asleep.

He walked to the door and kicked it open.

The fat man in the bed sat up with a jolt and looked at the two guns which Newton had leveled at him. "What the —" he exclaimed.

"Get up, Reedy. You're going with me to jail on suspicion of murder."

Reedy started to yell.

"I warn you," said Newton, "if you let out a yowl I'll blast your head off." He smiled and said: "I also warn you that anything you say now may be used against you."

Reedy got out of bed and put his clothes on.

"You'll never get away with this he said. Who are you?"

"The new sheriff, who's hankering to see this town a place, where decent people can live in peace," said Newton.

As Reedy walked down the stairs ahead of him, he kept his gun close to the fat-man's back. "If one of your boys tries anything, you'll get the whole barrel."

Reedy snarled. "Don't worry. I won't be in that jail for long. One man can't do much against a whole town full of my boys. Power is the law around here, and guns. And I got them on my side."

"Correction," said Newton, "bad. You see there's forty Texans riding in this afternoon and all of them are my deputies. Men who'd like to see this town peaceable. I just came in early to get a head start!"

BOYS, GIRLS, MEN, WOMEN!

The World Is On FIRE

Serve The LORD and You Can Have These Prizes!

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page or dozens of others, such as rifles, jewelry, basketballs, silverware, home appliances, watches and many more WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. Crime, sin, graft, wars are the greatest evils that have ever been. Our leaders say a reawakening of Christianity is needed to save us. You can do your share by spreading the gospel into every home in your community. Merely show friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Mounting Plaques. Many buy six or more to hang in every room. An amazing value only 33¢ each on sight. Secures big, cash commissions or exciting prizes for selling just ONE SET of 24 Motives. Big Prize catalog and FREE Service the LORD and earn prizes you want.

Aluminum Pressure Cooker



Pressure Cooker

Boy's or Girl's Bicycle

Boy's or Girl's Bicycle

Boy's or Girl's Bicycle

Boy's or Girl's Bicycle

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HERE'S HOW YOU GET YOUR PRIZES

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The FUN man, Dept. Y-133, FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG 4545 N. Clark St., Chicago 40, Ill.

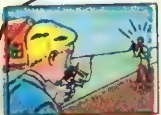
Please rush to me on credit 24 Religious Wall Motives to sell at 33¢ each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount asked within 30 days, add a prize or keep cash commission as explained under description of prize in big Prize Catalog. PRINT BELOW

NAME _____ AGE _____
STREET or RFD _____
TOWN _____ STATE _____
Send 1 cent stamp in, pasting and mailing this coupon on a 3¢ Post Card label

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SEND REAL MESSAGES



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\$1
2 PHONES COMPLETE

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☐ I am enclosing \$1.00 for the complete 2-phone Walkie-Talkie set. (Money back if not delighted)
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THE FASTEST GUNMAN IN THE WILD WEST!

TWO-GUN KID

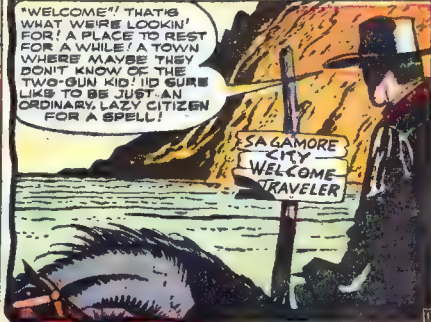
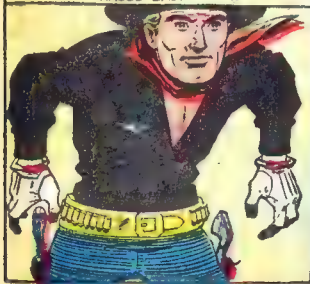


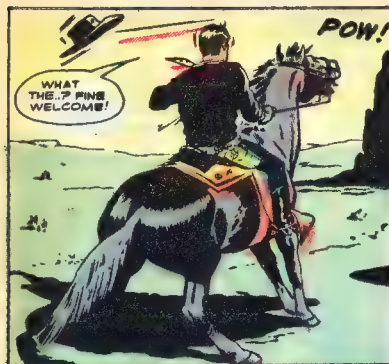
THE TWO-GUN KID STOOD TENSE IN THE DUSTY STREET UNDER THE HOT YELLOW SKY! ONLY A FEW FEET SEPARATED HIM FROM BLACK BART, THE MOST NOTORIOUS KILLER IN THE SOUTH-WEST! HE FELT THE ROUND BLACK EYES OF THE GUNS THAT COVERED HIM FROM ROOFS AND WINDOWS! THE SMELL OF DEATH WAS ALL AROUND HIM!

HE WAITED FOR THE TELL-TALE SHOULDER WITCH THAT WOULD WARN HIM THAT THE KILLER WAS ABOUT TO DRAW! AND IN THAT MOMENT WHEN BLACK BART'S HATRED BEAT AGAINST HIM, GROWING INTO THE NEED TO KILL THE KID'S MIND RACED BACK...

EVENTS HAD FOLLOWED QUICKLY. ONE UPON THE NEXT, AND HAD LED TO THIS! HE'D APPROACHED SAGAMORE CITY A LITTLE BEFORE NOON...

"WELCOME"! THAT'S WHAT WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR! A PLACE TO REST FOR A WHILE! A TOWN WHERE MAYBE THEY DON'T KNOW OF THE TWO-GUN KID! I'D GUESS LIKE TO BE JUST AN ORDINARY, LAZY CITIZEN FOR A SPELL!





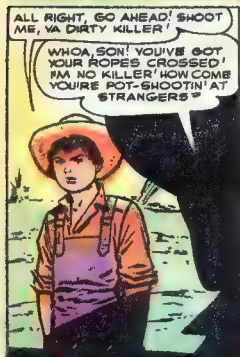
POW!

WHAT THE...? FINE WELCOME!



SUN GLINTED ON THE RIFLE BARREL... THE BOY SNAPPED A SHOT...

CRACK!



ALL RIGHT, GO AHEAD! SHOOT ME, YA DIRTY KILLER!

WHOA, SON! YOU'VE GOT YOUR ROPES CROSSED! I'M NO KILLER! HOW COME YOU'RE POT-SHOOTIN' AT STRANGERS?



I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! YOU'RE BLACK BART AN! YOU'RE HERE TO KILL MY POP! YOU'RE A DIRTY NO-GOOD HIRED GUNMAN!

NOW, WAIT A MINUTE, SON!



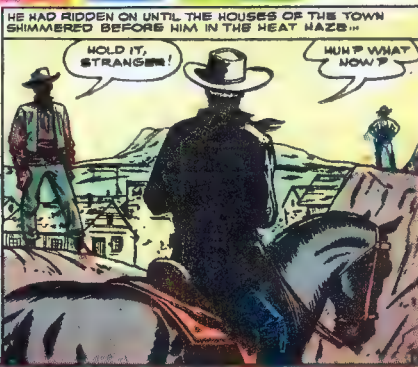
GO AHEAD, SHOOT ME IN THE BACK! NOW'S YOUR CHANCE, BEFORE I WARN POP AN! THE OTHER NESTERS!

HEY! COME BACK HERE, YOU YOUNG WILDCAT! I WANT TO GET STRAIGHT ON THIS!



BUT THE BOY SLAMMED AWAY IN A CLOUD OF DUST...

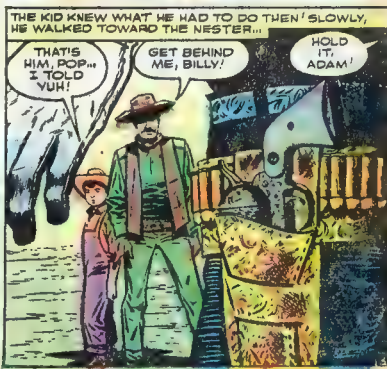
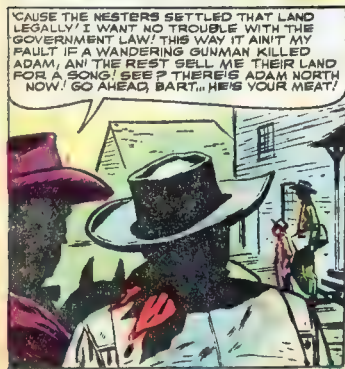
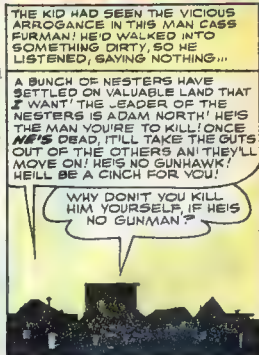
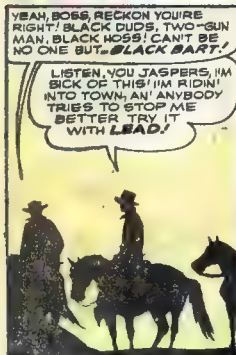
NOW I WONDER WHAT THAT WAS ALL ABOUT? WELL, MAYBE I'LL FIND OUT IN TOWN! THAT YOUNG 'UN JUST MADE A MISTAKE. I EXPECT HE'S PROBABLY BEEN READIN' TOO MANY OF THOSE WILD WEST MAGAZINES!



HE HAD RIDDEN ON UNTIL THE HOUSES OF THE TOWN SHIMMERED BEFORE HIM IN THE HEAT HAZE...

HOLD IT, STRANGER!

HUP? WHAT NOW?



HE WAS CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE NESTER FOR HIS WHISPER TO BE HEARD...

LISTEN QUICK! I'M **NOT** BLACK BART! THIS CASS FURMAN'S GOT YOU SET UP FOR A TARGET! WHERE'S THE REST OF YOUR NESTERS?

BEHIND THE LIVERY STABLE! THEY'RE ARMED, BUT THEIR HANDS ARE MADE FOR PLOWS, NOT GUNS! THEY CAN'T STAND AGAINST CASS AND HIS GUNHAWKS!



THEY HAD WATCHED AS BLACK BART TALKED TO CASS...

NOW THEY KNOW! THIS COMPLICATES THINGS! TAKE THE BOY AND RIDE OUT, ADAM! THERE'LL BE NO STOPPIN' GUNPLAY NOW!



LOOK! ANOTHER RIDER... ALL DRESSED IN **BLACK** TOO!

BLACK BART! THE **REAL** ONE THIS TIME!



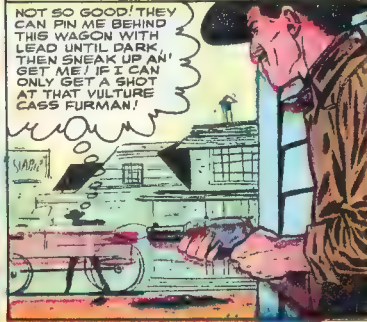
THAT'S HOW IT HAD BEEN! NOW HE FACED BLACK BART IN THE DUSTY STREET, AND CASS AND HIS MEN HAD FADED TO COVER, THEIR GUNS POINTED AT HIS BELLY...

ALL RIGHT! I GAVE YUH YOUR CHANCE TO START YOUR DRAW FIRST! NOW...



LIKE A BIG CAT, THE KID WHIRLED AND LEAPED FOR COVER... SQUINTED EYES SEARCHED FOR CASS FURMAN! LEAD WHIPPED ALL AROUND HIM...

NOT SO GOOD! THEY CAN PIN ME BEHIND THIS WAGON WITH LEAD UNTIL DARK, THEN SNEAK UP AN' GET ME! IF I CAN ONLY GET A SHOT AT THAT VULTURE CASS FURMAN!



THEN THEY CAME, THE NESTERS, RIDING
STOICALLY IN...HARD WORKING MEN WHO HAD BEEN
DRIVEN TO DESPERATION TO HOLD THE LAND
THEY CHERISHED...

WELL, I NEVER EXPECTED HELP FROM
THAT QUARTER! BUT I GUESS ANY MAN
CAN BE PUSHED TOO FAR, AND THIS
VIOLENCE PUSHED THEM OVER THE
RIM INTO THEIR OWN SLOW
VIOLENCE!

BANG!
BAM! POW!
BAM!

SHOTS BLAMMED UP THE STREET, NESTERS
FELL, AND COLD, RECKLESS ANGER PUSHED
THE KID INTO THE STREET, GUNS FLAMING!



THE NESTERS CAME ON! SLOW TO
FIGHT, THEY REFUSED TO BE
STOPPED ONCE THEY STARTED!

THERE'S NO
STOPPIN!
THOSE
FARMERS!
WHERE'S CASS?
THAT TWO-GUN
NOMBER'S WORSE
THAN SUDEN
DEATH!



WE'VE GOT 'EM! POUR IT IN!
I WANT THAT COYOTE
CASS!



HERE I AM, AN I GOT YUH COLD!
YUH BOILED MY PLAY, BUT I'M
PAYIN' YUH BACK... IN LEAD,
THROUGH YOUR LOUSY BACK!



THE KID DUCKED, SPUN...HE HEARD
THE WHISPER OF LEADEN DEATH!
THEN HIS GUNS BUCKED AND
ANSWERED CASS FURMAN'S
CHALLENGE!



IT WAS ENDED! THE TWO-GUN
KID RODE AWAY FROM
SAGAMORE CITY...

I WANTED TO REST! I
FIGURED IF NO ONE KNEW
WHO I WAS I'D BE
AWAY FROM GUNPLAY!
INSTEAD THEY TOOK ME
FOR BLACK BART!
RECKON TROUBLE JUST
FOLLOWS ME AROUND!



AND WHEN HE PASSED THE
SIGN ON THE ROAD...



THE END

FOLLOW THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE TWO-GUN KID IN HIS OWN
FULL-LENGTH MAGAZINE/ LOOK FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

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Instantly!



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Friends, Anything From
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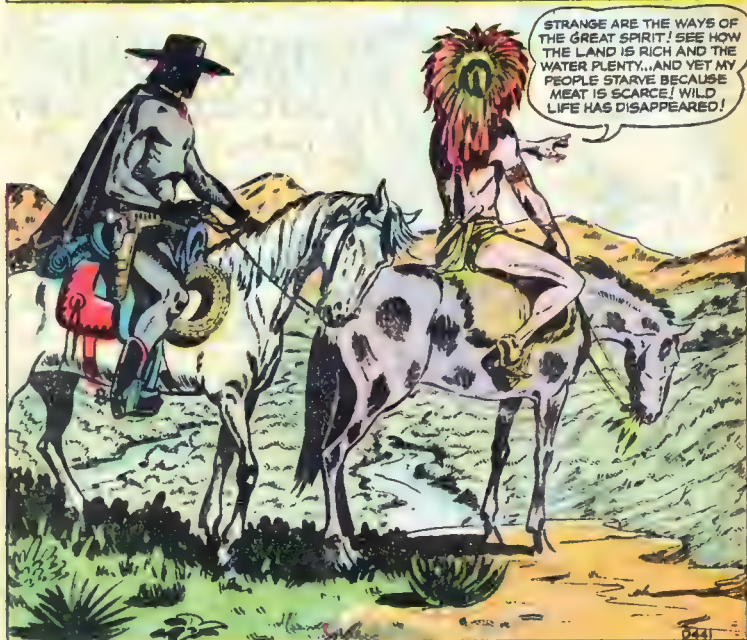
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BLACK RIDER

MYSTERY MAN OF THE WESTERN RANGE!



FAMINE AND PESTILENCE WILL SURELY FOLLOW! WE HAVE LITTLE GRAIN! IT IS AS THOUGH THE EARTH HAS SWALLOWED THE DEER AND THE BUFFALO!

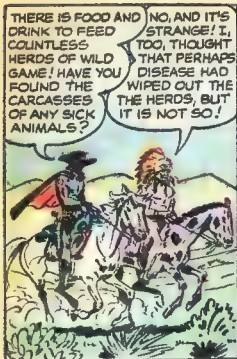
YOUR PEOPLE WILL NOT STARVE, CHIEF WOLF PAW! THE WHITE MEN WILL NOT PERMIT IT! WE ARE FRIENDS AND BROTHERS!



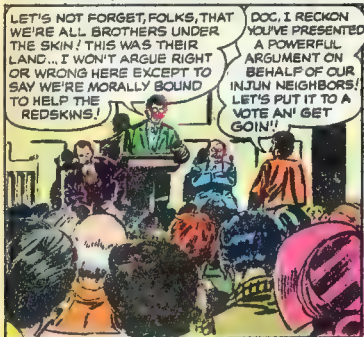
YOUR WORDS BRING HOPE TO MY HEART, BLACK RIDER! COME TO MY VILLAGE! LET YOUR EYES SEE HOW MY PEOPLE SUFFER!

I HAVE ALREADY SEEN! THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN LOOK LEAN FROM HUNGER! THE BRAVES GIVE THEM WHAT THEY HAVE AND LEAVE LITTLE FOR THEMSELVES!

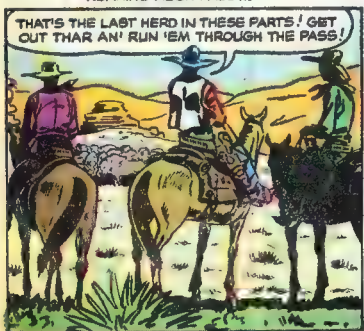




THAT EVENING, IN THE LEADVILLE TOWN HALL...

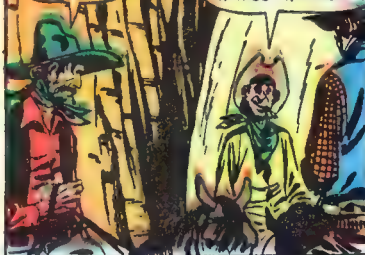


MEANWHILE, ON A BRUSH-COVERED MESA NEAR ROARING ROCK PASS...

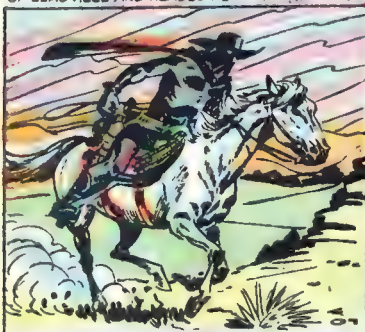


ALL RIGHT, BOYS! WE'RE READY TO MOVE IN NOW! WHITE MEN HAVE KILLED AN' BURNED INJUNS OFF THEIR LANDS, BUT I'M TRYIN' A NEW WRINKLE!

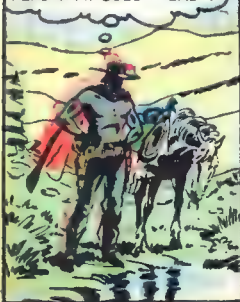
STARVIN' 'EM OUT! THEM REDSKINS WILL BE SO ALL-FIRED HUNGRY WHEN WE GET THROUGH THEY'LL MOVE OFF WITHOUT WHIMPERIN'!



MOMENTS LATER, A THUNDERING DUO ROARED OUT OF LEADVILLE AND HEADS FOR THE PRAIRIES...



THIS WATER HOLE WAS USED UNTIL ABOUT A WEEK AGO! I'M GOING TO TRACK THE HERD THAT USED IT LAST!



WITH THE DILIGENCE OF A BORN TRACKER, BLACK RIDER STUDIED THE COMPLEX MAZE OF COUNTLESS HOOF MARKS, SEPARATING OLD TRAILS FROM NEW, AND UNTANGLING FRESH EVIDENCE...

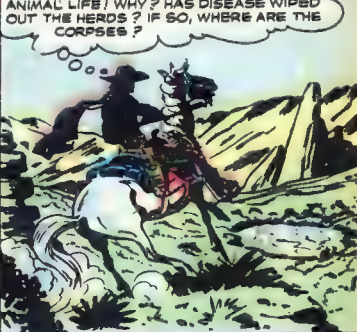
WHOA...WAIT A MINUTE! THEY WERE RESTLESS! THEY SENSED DANGER AND PAWED THE GROUND HERE... ALL LOOKING TOWARD THE EAST!



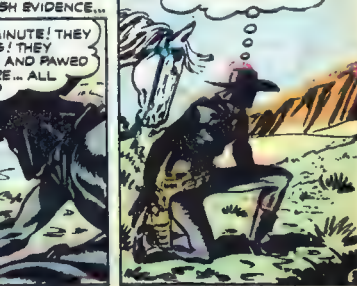
BUT AS DAWN BROKE OVER LEADVILLE, ONE OF ITS LEADING CITIZENS UNDERWENT A STARTLING TRANSFORMATION...



I TOLD YOU WE'D BE RIDIN' AGAIN SOON, 'CHABOO! SHAKE OFF THAT SWAY-BACKED POSE AN' BE YOURSELF!



STAMPEDED! THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED! THE WHOLE HERD WAS SCARED OFF INTO ONE DIRECTION...TOWARD THAT PASS YONDER!



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

THOUSANDS OF ANIMALS WERE RUN THROUGH THIS PASS! NO WONDER THE PLAINS ARE BARREN OF LIFE!



MEANWHILE, AT THE OTHER END OF THE PASS...

CARSTAIRS JUST BROUGHT IN A REPORT THAT A BAND OF COMANCHES ARE MOVIN' AWAY! THEM LEADVILLE CITIZENS CAN'T BRING ENOUGH FOOD TO KEEP 'EM ALIVE!

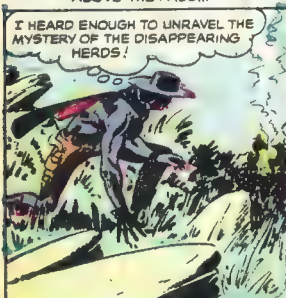
GOOD ENOUGH, STAG! THAT MEANS WE MOVE IN AN' TAKE OVER THE LAND THEM INJUNS VACATE!



YOU BOYS WILL STAY HERE AN' GUARD THE PASS! YOU'LL HAVE YORE CHANCE TO KILL REDSKINS WHEN WE TAKE OVER THE NEXT PARCEL!

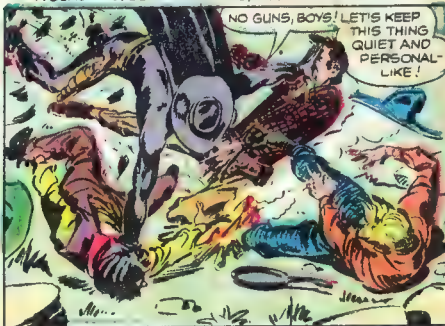


TEN MINUTES LATER, LIKE A BLACK PANTHER STALKING ITS PREY, A LITTLE FIGURE SNAKED THROUGH THE WEEDS ABOVE THE PASS...



I HEARD ENOUGH TO UNRAVEL THE MYSTERY OF THE DISAPPEARING HERDS!

A BLACK SHADOW LOOMED MOMENTARILY, AND THEN STRUCK IN A SLASHING, BONE-CRUSHING, SILENT ATTACK!



NO GUNS, BOYS! LET'S KEEP THIS THING QUIET AND PERSONAL-LIKE!

YOU'RE MAKIN' A MIGHTY BIG MISTAKE BY DRAWIN', PARTNER! I WOULD HAVE LEFT YOU COLD FOR JUST A WHILE, BUT NOW IT'S GOT TO BE FOR KEEPS!



A SHOT! THAR'S TROUBLE NEAR THE PASS! GIT THE BOYS OUT AN' COVER EVERY INCH OF GROUND TILL YOU FIND THE TROUBLE!



SOMEBODY BUSH-WHACKED THE GUARDS! SMITTY IS DEAD AN' THE OTHER TWO ARE STAGGERIN' AROUND LIKE THEY BEEN HIT WITH A WAGON SPOKE!



OUR SECRET IS OUT! QUICK... YOU MEN! BLOW THE ENTRANCE TO THE PASS! WHOEVER GOT IN HERE AIN'T GETTIN' OUT!... ALIVE!

HERE'S A COIL OF FUSE LINE! MAKE IT SHORT SO THE ENTRANCE GETS BLOCKED IN A HURRY!



BUT, TEN MINUTES LATER...

IF YOU DRAW, YOU DIE! IF YOU DO AS I SAY, YOU'LL LIVE! MAKE YOUR CHOICE... QUICK!

WE MADE IT, MISTER!



THE MIGHTY COLTS WHIPPED OUT AND FIRED IN A FURY OF TWIN-JETTED LIGHTNING!



WHEN THIS MESS OF POWDER GOES, IT OUGHT TO SEND THE HERDS STAMPEDING OUT OF HERE IN A HURRY!



I JUST NEED TIME TO GET OUT OF THE PASS BEFORE THE HERO HEADS FOR FREEDOM!



THUNDERING TO FREEDOM INSIDE THE PASS, THE BLACK RIDER HEARD THE EARTH-SHAKING ROAR OF A MIGHTY EXPLOSION!



THERE SHE BLOWS! I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE CAUGHT IN THIS RAVINE WHEN THOSE HEROS COME STAMPEDING THRU!

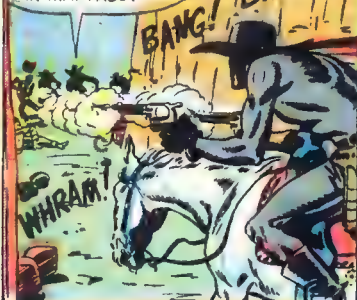
HURRY, BLAST YORE HIDES! IT'S THE BLACK RIDER, AN' HE'S HEADED THIS WAY! I WANT HIM SEALED UP IN THE PASS SO THE HEROS CAN MAKE MINCE-MEAT OF HIM!



MEANWHILE, A FEAR-CRAZED MOB OF THUNDERING HOOFBS, SINEW AND HORN POURED THROUGH THE PASS IN FRENZIED FLIGHT, AS THE GROUND QUIVERED BENEATH THEIR WEIGHT!

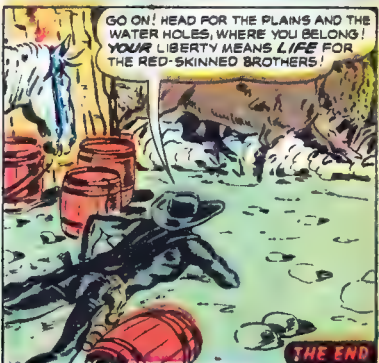


CUT HIM DOWN! IF YOU CAN'T HIT HIM, GET THE HOSS! HE'S GOT TO DIE IN THAT PASS!



BANG! BANG!

THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM! GOT TO SNUFF THAT FUSE AND LET THE ANIMALS PASS THROUGH!



GO ON! HEAD FOR THE PLAINS AND THE WATER HOLES, WHERE YOU BELONG! YOUR LIBERTY MEANS LIFE FOR THE RED-SKINNED BROTHERS!

THE END



FOR THE BEST IN WESTERN THRILLS LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER!





YES, RIGHT FROM DETROIT!

FROM THE AUTO CAPITOL OF THE WORLD
TO YOU . . . COMES THIS AMAZING

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50 CARS \$1



REPAIR TRUCKS
HIGHWAY VANS
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NOWHERE IN LILLIPUT did Gulliver ever see anything like this! This AMAZING MOTORCADE BARGAIN includes FIFTY miniature motor cars: true three-dimensional scale models of streamline trolleys, highway vans, delivery trucks, repair service cars, and U. S. Army planes. They're wonderfully realistic, and made of durable, colorful plastic. Each car is an AUTHENTIC SOUVENIR of the motor capitol of the world! Fifty cars gives you plenty to use for all sorts of action games, exhibits, crafts and teaching projects. Ever so handy for all sorts of scout projects, school and club activities. Yes, you can even SWAP and TRADE A FEW for anything you like, and have plenty left over for months and months of fun and accomplishment!

8 FEET of CARS

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Hi there, Pal! Win Some of these 100 Silver Anniversary Prizes!

I just won \$100. and this 15" tall Silver Trophy!
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You Can Win All These
just as I did
in 10
MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!

I GAINED
60 LBS. OF HANDSOME
MUSCLES! HARD-HITTING

Which of these
2 ME'S is YOU ?

that 125 lb.-6 ft.

CHICKEN WEAKLING BELOW
CHESTED WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 10¢
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

Yes! You still
can win \$100
and other 25th
Anniversary Prizes,
if you MAIL coupon
below NOW. Your suc-
cess can soon be like
mine. A few weeks ago
I was a skinny weakling
like you. I had no guts to
fight for my rights. TODAY
everyone admires my champ
movie-star build. My mighty
ARMS. My heroic CHEST. My
wide manly SHOULDERS. My
POPULARITY with boys. The
way GIRLS go for me—once
so girlishy. My new pro-
wess in SPORTS. My new
quickness in STUDIES. My
double-energy at work.

There's that
skinny scarecrow
JOHN. Let's
pass him by!



John
Still
before



JOHN SILL
was a 125 lb.
6 ft. WEAKLING
LOOK at him NOW.
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

as YOU
can be!
soon!

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more.

Just mail NOW the FREE
coupon below as I did.

Soon YOU can add
7 inches to your CHEST
3 1/2 inches to EACH
ARM and the rest in
proportion as I did.

Come On, PAL
NOW YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
IN YOUR OWN HOME
and I'll give YOU

A NEW HE-MAN BODY for
your OLD SKELETON FRAME
says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you
are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's
or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or
what work you do. All I want is JUST 10
EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE
YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD
I turned myself from a wreck to
a Champion of Champions!

How to Build
A MIGHTY
ARMS
How to Build
A MIGHTY
BACK
How to Build
A MIGHTY
GRIP

FREE

PHOTO BOOK
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to Achieve
Nerves of Steel,
Muscles of Iron

How to BECOME A
MIGHTY HE-MAN
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Champions"
4 times Winner
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Man Contest



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ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK and SHOULDERS
broadened. From head to heels, you'll become an ALL-AROUND, ALL-
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tary cent!

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
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the only method that builds you 5 ways fast. You save YEARS. DOL-
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MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail coupon NOW!

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ADDRESS _____
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Radio-Television than any other man.

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SHOW HOW
MAIL COUPON**

I TRAINED THESE MEN



LOST JOB, NOW HAS OWN SHOP
"Got laid off my machine shop job which I believe was best thing ever happened as I opened a full time Radio Shop. Business is picking up every week."—E. T. Slatt, Corsicana, Texas.



GOOD JOB WITH STATION
"I am Broadcast Engineer at WFLM. Another technician and I have opened a Radio-TV service shop in our spare time. Big TV sales here... more work than we can handle."—J. H. Bangley, Suffolk, Va.



\$10 TO \$15 WEEK SPARE TIME
"Four months after enrolling for NRI course, was able to service Radios... averaged \$10 to \$15 a week spare time. Now have full time Radio and Television business."—William Weyde, Brooklyn, New York.

AVAILABLE TO VETERANS UNDER G.I. BILLS

WANT YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

Let me show you how you can be your own boss. Many NRI trained men start their own business with capital earned in spare time. Robert Duhmen, New Prague, Minn., whose store is shown at left, says, "Am now tied in with two Television outfits and do warranty work for dealer. Often fall back to NRI textbooks for information."

WOMEN RADIO-TELEVISION



1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

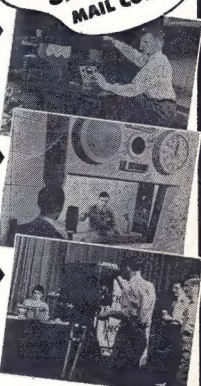
Many students make \$5, \$10 a week and more EXTRA fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how. Tester you build with kits I send helps you make extra money servicing sets, gives practical experience on circuits common to Radio and Television. All equipment is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB

NRI Courses lead to these and many other jobs: Radio and TV service, P.A., Auto Radio, Lab, Factory, and Electronic Controls Technicians, Radio and TV Broadcasting, Police, Ship and Airways Operators and Technicians. Opportunities are increasing. The United States has over 105 million Radios—over 2,900 Broadcasting Stations—more expansion is on the way.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

Think of the opportunities in Television. Over 15,000,000 TV sets are now in use; 108 TV stations are operating and 1800 new TV stations have been authorized... many of them expected to be in operation in 1953. This means more jobs—good pay jobs with bright futures. More operators, installation service technicians will be needed. Now is the time to get ready for a successful future in TV! Find out what Radio and TV offer you.

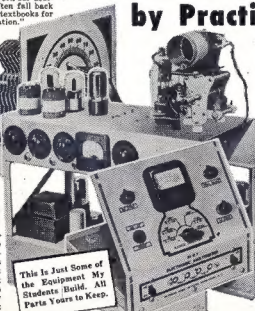


You Learn Servicing or Communications by Practicing With Kits I Send

Television Is Today's Good Job Maker

TV now reaches from coast-to-coast. Qualify for a good job as a service technician or operator. My course includes many lessons on TV. You get practical experience... work on circuits common to both Radio and Television with my kits. Now is the time to get ready for success in Television!

This Is Just Some of the Equipment My Students Build All Parts Yours to Keep.



Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION Technicians. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. You also get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. Pictured at left, are just a few of the pieces of equipment you build with kits of parts I send. You experiment with, learn circuits common to Radio and Television.

Mail Coupon—find out what RADIO-TELEVISION Can Do for You
Act Now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual Servicing Lesson; shows how you learn at home. You'll also receive my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 3NM1, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 89th Year.

Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3NM1
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

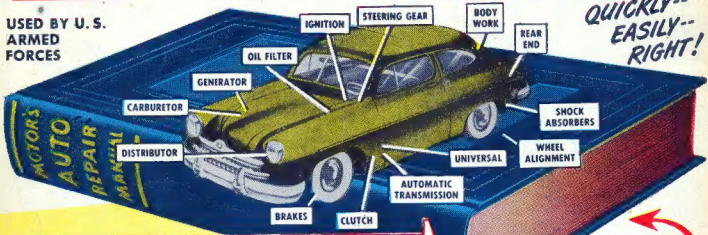
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